

## RHAPSODY IN BLUE

listening to Mozart  
quite by accident  
on a Sunday afternoon

I can look out the  
window  
& suddenly  
it's Spring

the kind of Spring  
that I remember  
as a boy

A Shelby sort of  
Spring w/ a

Tracy sort of  
breeze

& suddenly  
I am the cosmos  
again

& all the doors  
are open

I live for times  
like this

& I don't care  
what anybody else  
lives for.

## YOU'RE RIGHT, CHARLES

sometimes you can die  
a thousand deaths in one sitting  
& you can get so alone  
that it makes good sense  
to lie in bed all day  
& think about brushing  
your teeth

## BOOK REVIEW

"I want to write a  
novel someday"  
she says running  
her hands through  
her red so red hair

& if she does  
write that novel  
I'll read it

& after every page  
I'll think  
"that page was written  
by the woman  
w/ the beautiful  
red so red hair"  
I'll think

"what a piece  
of work!"



& then sooner or later  
you might get up & make some  
coffee or something  
but you're still always hungry  
& hunger is always  
a reminder that everyone  
& everything is unsatisfied

so be it you might say  
but you know don't you  
that you're only beautiful  
by association?

& you know don't you  
that it doesn't matter how many  
poems you write because the  
beautiful people are all busy  
being beautiful & so naturally

they're too busy  
making love to read about  
the lack thereof.

—Erik Campbell

Bellevue, NE

W. C. WILLIAMS

He loved  
driving through the streets of  
Rutherford, New Jersey,

in the early morning hours  
and smiling at the young house-  
wives standing in their doorways

in flimsy nightgowns.  
It was almost like eating those  
plums he'd stolen from the icebox.

—Gene Mahoney

Vineyard Haven, MA